

# Queens

THE LEGENDARY SHOWBAR OF THE SOUTH

1831 South Boulevard • Charlotte, North Carolina  
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## January

### FRIDAY

January 5

Ashley Jordan  
Kasey King  
Tia Douglas

January 12

Tiffany Storm  
Victoria St. Clair

January 19

Boom Boom LaTour  
Big Mama Gaffney

January 26

Veronica Leigh  
Gypsy Starr  
Jamie Levi

For Bookings Contact  
Kasey King  
(704) 522-8290

### SATURDAY

January 6

Basia  
Gypsy Starr  
Ebony Black  
& Special Guest

January 13

Tracy Morgan  
Kasey King  
Ashley Jordan  
& Special Guest

January 20

Samantha Hunter  
LuAnn Landreth  
Tiffany Storm

January 27

Keesha Wellington  
Jennifer Warner  
Tia Douglas  
& Special Guest

## LESBIAN LINE

# Dating dilemma

by Natalie Brooks  
Special to Q-Notes

According to Webster's, we as lesbians (and you guys, too), cannot "date," since dating is defined as "a social engagement between two persons of opposite sex." What a relief! Do you realize the implications of this circumscription? I mean, just sending that word — dating — out into the plenum changes people. How many of us understand the loss of beloved friends to — dating. How many of us understand the loss of beloved sanity to — dating. Now that we know it doesn't apply to us, we no longer have to ponder the great question of, "what is dating" and "Am I doing it now or are we just really good friends?" We no longer have to struggle with conflicting definitions. For instance, you think it's the search for "your one and only, forever, I'll always love you, hot babe" and she thinks it's the "you pay for the movie this weekend and I'll get dinner next weekend." No more trying to come up with an illustration of our "type" so our married friends can assist us in our dating goals. Never again will we need to sit on the floor, eating pasta, watching *Friends*, wondering if we should have that much action in our apartment living room.

Just think, when that new woman you just met at the community fundraiser says, "Would you like to take a walk in the park," you won't have to drive home playing your mental tape recorder, analyzing the inflection of her each word, trying to decide if she meant it as a date, or not. Likewise, she won't have to get an ulcer over, whether you said "yes" because you thought it was a friendly get together or whether you said "yes" because you thought it was a date, and which is truly worse. Which brings you both to the big question, "do you want to date at all?" If, of course, that's an option. If that's what she meant. A poll of several friends has proved useless in coming to a conclusive answer. Sure, you have things in common, you both go to the park most weekends anyway. You both love nature. You both do your damndest to Save the Whales. So you start with trying to imagine that first kiss. Umm, maybe. But after a kiss comes sex, after sex comes expectations, tiny levels of ownership and possibly even commitment. Are you ready to commit? She has a dog, you have a cat, will the two get along when you move in together? Do you like the same music? You didn't check! Maybe she'll want to make love to Led Zeppelin, while you prefer the sexy sounds of Sara McLachlan. Wow, we whizzed right by that even scarier word — commitment. What does it mean and what will it mean to her — exclusive relationship or a non-monogamous love fest? Back to the dictionary. Damn. Webster is allowing us to commit to each other. Basically it means "to trust." But what's that your walnut eyes rest upon? (She told you that — that your eyes were like lovely walnuts. What a romantic sweetie). Another meaning for commitment? "To put in prison or mental institution." Now you're ready to make love to the raw sound of Alanis Morissette. "I don't want to be your


other half, I believe that one and one makes two." So, you're thinking, maybe it's time — time for the big break up.

One evening she comes home from work and turns off *Seinfeld*. What can she be thinking! Has she taken complete leave of her senses! It's *Seinfeld* for Christ's sake! You grab for the remote, but she tucks it between the cushions. She has something to discuss with you. She thinks you guys need some "space." It's the big kiss-off, babe. But it was your idea first. But this thought is merely a flash across your mental computer screen. A new file has opened. Now, your memory bank holds dear the utter perfection of your relationship and your utter surprise and bewilderment about this cruel abandonment.


A few weeks later, maybe just a few days, you're resilient, you come to the realization it's time to throw out the cookie dough frozen yogurt and get back out "there." "There" being that dating pit.

But can you go to the local dyke bar or will she be there? Buck up girl, don't let her keep you from what you want to do. You go girl, have a beer or one of those funky, mouthwash concoctions the new bartender makes, play your songs on the jukebox and flirt with the finest thing that walks through that door. You'll show her. Yeah, you'll show her! So, you walk in, in your finest, I'm not dressed up just being casually cool duds and there she is — with another woman! You simmer at the bar, feeling like the last loser in Lesbo Land. You desperately scan the crowd for someone you know. Someone to latch on to so you don't look so forlorn. You try to act casual, cool, sophisticated, someone who enjoys the company of one. Then someone walks by and says, "Cheer up. It can't be that bad." Damn. Your inner self seems to be leaking through the seams. But you can't leave yet. It would be too obvious. You have barely started with your frilly cocktail. Watch. Yes, look at your watch as if you're waiting on someone. Check that neon clock on the wall, as if you can't trust your wrist mechanism. Neon. You couldn't possibly look like a tempting dish under the wash of blue neon light. All the other bar seats are taken. Do you settle for a whiter shade of pale or sit at a table — alone. Blue seems to be the theme for the evening, so, you sit beneath a blue light, drinking a blue drink, feeling sort of, well, you know, indigo and eventually the evening is over.

Wait. You're getting a wee bit ahead of yourself. You haven't even met her for that walk in the park yet. It's OK, honey. Because you guys can't date. Webster says so. Whatever happens on that walk through the trees, across those unburned bridges is undefinable. You can chat, contemplate together and come up with your own words, your own definitions, guidelines, goals or simply agree to have none. Because discrimination has set us free. Grab the nearest woman and swing her to and fro. Square dance to the beat of your own caller. We're free, free. Free I tell you. Excuse me, what? You'd like to go see a movie? Well — sure. (What do you think she meant by that?)



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